

THE INTERNATIONAL PSYCHIC GAZETTE

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MARCH, 1931.

PRICE SIXPENCE NET

The Author of "Through The Mists."

AFFECTIONATE TRIBUTES TO HIS MEMORY.

ROBERT JAMES LEES, one of the most gifted and highly respected authors of Spiritualistic works of classical repute, passed on to the higher stage of life at Leicester, on January 10, at the age of eighty-one.

Mr. Lees for many years has lived a retired life, and unhappily we never had the privilege of meeting him in person. We therefore appealed to his beloved daughter, Miss Eva Lees, to give us some particulars about her Father's later years on this side of the Vale, and she has kindly sent us the following:—

A DAUGHTER'S TRIBUTE.

I am sorry I am only now able to send you a tribute to my Father's memory, but I have had to get one of our closest friends to do it, from what he knew personally.

I am his eldest daughter, and Dad and I have been *one* since my Mother's transition in 1912.

Just at present it seems impossible to try to do justice to such a man in a single article, but I am hoping in the near future to be able to give to the world some of his very valuable works, hitherto unpublished. First, "The Gate of Heaven," nearly finished, which was to follow "The Experiences of Aphraar," after "The Life Elysian."

Also my Father's life and teaching was such that he *will* come back and "carry on," and I am "just waiting" to carry out his wishes.

As I have had to help with his pen-work the last three years, in sending replies of consolation to all parts of the world, so now I am going to help as long as I can for the benefit of the bereaved.

I am still going to keep my home going so that his own study can be kept ready for his Return, after he has had the rest he so sorely needs, to recuperate the tired soul after so long a fight against physical weakness.

To me who have lived with him over fifty years, it is wonderful that so great a medium was so little known to the world.

I hope what I enclose will meet with your approval.—EVA LEES.

MR. DAN BLACK'S TRIBUTE.

With the passing away of Robert James Lees there has vanished from our sight one Mighty

in Good Works, through the power of prayer, a Torchbearer of Christian Truth, who humbly went forth in the spirit of his beloved Master, to whose service he consecrated a life of whole-hearted devotion and untiring sacrifice that brought him, as a rich reward, a sublime peace of mind and calmness of soul beautifully reflected in his lovely character.

Few there be that have ever won, in such a degree, the confidence and friendship of those in high estate, and fewer still to whom have been made such tempting offers, so full of promise from a worldly standpoint; but to Mr. Lees there was but one clear call, the call to service in the highest cause, and to that call he remained unwavering and steadfastly loyal until his parting breath, throughout the many trials, hardships, and difficulties it entailed.

His name shall be handed down to posterity in his two great works of unique interest in psychic experience, viz., "THROUGH THE MISTS" and "THE LIFE ELYSIAN," that, besides forming a fitting memorial shall ever bear a noble testimony, as convincing as encouraging, to what can be achieved here below through the mediumship of a consecrated vessel chosen unto the Lord.

To many a sorrow-stricken soul, both at home and at the uttermost ends of the earth, have these sacred pages borne a sweet message of comfort, cheer, solace and hope, that earned as a recompense life-long gratitude.

To those who were favoured with the privilege of enjoying "Dad's" close companionship, the hours—

that seemed but minutes—passed in his *sanctum sanctorum*, while one conversed with the "friends" on the other side, who figure so prominently in those pages, shall ever fondly linger in the memory, and be treasured as a priceless possession.

Little wonder that one bore away a rich harvest in ripe sheaves of thought, to be garnered carefully in the chamber of the soul. In the sublime atmosphere of peace and calm that always pervaded that secluded study, one seemed to be transported to the very courtyard of Heaven itself, and fain would have tarried there.

Here is not the place to enter into detail, but one can only hope and wish that in the interests of humanity, the full life history of the great pioneer of discoveries in the psychic realm, who entertained, in very truth, angels, but not *unawares*, may one day become public property.

But the physical frame was at last worn down in his life-long service—the shades of even had fallen—out of the night of silence there rang forth the final call.

Farewell! Beloved, heroic soul, but not "Good-bye!"

Just "Au Revoir!"

To the physical eye thou art no more, to the spiritual Closer than e'er before.

DAN BLACK.

March, 1931.

The Conan Doyle Memorial Fund.

THE Honorary Treasurer and Committee of this Fund gratefully acknowledge receipt of the following donations, between January 20 and February 19, inclusive. These total £285 15s. 4d., which, with the amounts previously acknowledged, namely £426 16s. 5d., brings the fund up to £712 11s. 9d.

FOURTH LIST OF DONATIONS.

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Total	£263 11 7

Amounts of £1.—Miss Louise Jacobs, Miss A. Volke, Mrs. C. Theobald, Eddercliffe (Liversedge) Spiritualist Church, Mrs. A. H. Lee, Mrs. A. H. Deane (Bangalore), T. Austin, Esq. (Ketti, India).—Total £7.

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Donations should be addressed to Mr. A. C. Grigg, Lloyd's Bank, Ltd., 121-125, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Miss LOUISE OWEN writes that the seance given at her house by Mr. Vivian Deacon for the Conan Doyle Memorial Fund was highly successful. She says:—"I have rarely met a medium who inspires such confidence, and my guests were much impressed and received considerable help."

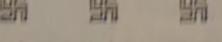
Miss FLORENCE HELSBY, of 1207 Sussex Avenue, Montreal, has sent the following message to the Conan Doyle Memorial Committee, received inspiringly on January 23 from her Guide, "Imperator" (Malachi the Prophet):—

"Great things are coming to your earth, and this Memorial to a Grand Spirit is the forerunner."

"Woe to those who are unmindful of the Call of the Spirit! Be faithful and true, and do not falter in the face of any difficulty!"

"We are helping all who are seeking Truth, for Truth's sweet sake."

"God bless your work, and all engaged in it!"



MR. GRAHAM MOFFAT'S EXPERIENCES.

A COMMENT BY SIR A CONAN DOYLE.

MR. GRAHAM MOFFATT, who was for many years a platform entertainer before he became more widely known as an actor and a dramatic author, was one of the chief figures last month in the services at both the Queen's and the Grotian Halls. He related many personal experiences. Here are three about his mother, his grandmother, and "a dear old aunt":—

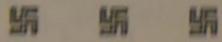
"My mother did not believe in Spiritualism when she was alive. Now that she has passed over she is eager to communicate. She advises me about my health and my finance."

"When a dear old aunt came back she said that if in earth life she had come to a séance like this she would have thought it had to do with the devil. She was not quite sure of it even yet, but she could not resist coming to have a talk."

"My dear old grandmother, who had passed over a number of years, sent a message to my sister to ask why she did not think of her more often. The message reminded me of a scene in 'The Blue Bird,' where the old people come back to the young children. Those who have passed on do like us to think of them; they are so often thinking of us."

Another experience Mr. Moffatt recalled was that of a sitting with Mrs. Mason, at which the name and a perfect description of a very prim lady were given. This lady was very disappointed when she got to the "Other Side" because she was always meeting people who she thought ought to have been in hell. She thought she was one of the Elect—"and the Elect, according to our Church in Scotland," Mr. Moffatt remarked, "are very few."

Only once did Mr. Moffatt meet Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. "I told him," he said, "how Spiritualism made me come back from agnosticism to Christianity." "Yes," remarked Sir Arthur, "but we were mostly like that. Is it not wonderful," he added, "how Spiritualism explains everything." "That is just it," was Mr. Moffatt's comment, "it explains everything."



NUMBER THIRTEEN.

SIR EDWARD CLARKE, K.C., "The Bayard of the Bar," celebrated his ninetieth birthday on Sunday, February 15. He enjoys good health, the esteem of his neighbours, and the admiration of all who remember his prowess as a great barrister. On February 13, the people of Staines gave him a birthday party. Sir Edward says that Number Thirteen has been singularly associated in his long career with matters of happiness and good fortune.

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The Meurig Morris Services.

THE ATTACK ON THE MEDIUM'S HONOUR: WRIT FOR LIBEL ISSUED.

THE FORTUNE THEATRE continues to be filled every Sunday night with audiences coming from all parts of Greater London to listen to discourses on "The Spiritualist Philosophy" delivered by "Power," an unknown spiritual Teacher, through his gentle and unassuming medium, Mrs. Meurig Morris.

When Mrs. Morris, in the preliminary proceedings, delivers the opening prayer or invocation, her own not very strong soprano voice is scarcely audible in the theatre, but when she relapses into trance and has been taken possession of by "Power," she stands erect, holds the lapels of her stole in the manner characteristic of the late Lord Balfour, and the voice which comes through is strong, resonant, unfaltering, and authoritative, sending forth utterances of profound wisdom which all can hear.

A LESSON AND AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

On February 1, MR. LAURENCE COWEN read as "the lesson" part of *1 Samuel xvii*, describing, he said, a contest between might and right of a nature so picturesque and symbolical that the story had captivated the minds of men ever since it was written. It was the story of how a humble, righteous stripling named David slew a great, boastful, cursing and terrifying giant named Goliath, and the congregation appeared to greatly enjoy the old dramatic story, read with perfect art and expression.

At the conclusion Mr. Cowen said that on the previous morning process had been served upon the proprietors and editor of the *Daily Mail* in an action for libel at the suit of Mrs. Meurig Morris with respect to a contents' poster issued by that newspaper, containing the words, "TRANCE MEDIUM FOUND OUT."

He said it would be improper for him to comment on the why and wherefore of these proceedings, but he thought he might make this general observation, that it was vitally necessary that the idea of mediumship being a synonym for fraud should be put to the proof. ("Hear, hear.") That lie should once and for all be nailed to the counter, and the opportunity was now. The chosen instrument for this trial was Mrs. Meurig Morris, who did not enter upon the contest with a light heart, but because she had a duty to perform to her own good name as well as to the very foundations of the Spiritualist faith, which were being assailed. Like David she realised that she was pitting her little self against a giant with much brass and a coat of mail. (Laughter.) She was defending her honour against a Colossus which was one of the wealthiest and most powerful combinations that had ever materialised on this earth, but she knew she would not have to stand alone, for she would have the help and sympathy of thousands of people who loved and admired her for her own and her work's sake, and also of a host of spirit intelligences who would not leave her unguarded and unsupported. Might God defend the right! ("Amen" from many parts of the theatre.)

THE "CONTROL" OF A MEDIUM.

MRS. MEURIG MORRIS (controlled by "Power") said the subject of discourse would be "What is this Control?" What he had to say would be an answer to some who did not believe in it, although he knew that whatever he might say men would not be able to receive it until they became awakened to spiritual knowledge.

He said that not in a spirit of condemnation but of sympathy and love. By way of analogy let them think of a great composer putting his music on paper. A man with no knowledge of music seeing these various dots and lines, would naturally say that was all nonsense, simply because he did not understand music. Similarly a man with no knowledge of art was incapable of realising the value of a great painting. And so it was when a man in the street saw one phase of psychical phenomena being manifested on the earth plane to-day one would not expect him to believe. He would be likely to say, "this is something of no consequence," or he might speak of subconsciousness or memory. Yet if he were a man of open mind, seeking to understand, he would begin to investigate in order that he might know more.

Having explained that subconscious mind, conscious mind, and super-conscious mind were all parts of the same mind functioning on different levels, "Power" said that those who had listened to the many utterances that had come through the medium, must realise that they conveyed knowledge which had never been contained in the medium's conscious or subconscious mind, and must therefore have come from some spirit entity making use of her as an instrument of communication for other world knowledge.

There was something particular in the constitution of certain individuals which specially fitted them for spirit control. They were able to develop their soul faculties so that they could see and hear discarnate entities, and also allow these latter to speak through them to proclaim the truth they had found.

"Power" described how, when Mrs. Morris was in trance, a large cone of a psychic nature arose from her head, and it was down this cone that spiritual power was poured. In this way he ("Power") was able to work upon her brain, and to use her whole body in every way he willed, during the period of control.

CHRISTIANITY AND SPIRITUALISM.

On Sunday, February 8, MRS. MEURIG MORRIS announced that the subject for discourse would be "Christianity and Spiritualism."

About two thousand years ago a great Teacher, called Jesus of Nazareth, came to speak to the world of the truth of the immortality of the soul; he proved by his teaching the existence of another life after the life on earth, and he proved by his own resurrection the fact of the continuity of life. His followers started a new religion which was called Christianity.

At first there were but a few believers, but in course of time there arose a great organisation, a great Church, in which the great Teacher was revered and worshipped. In the early period of their history Christians suffered a great deal of persecution, not only from the orthodox Jews but also from the mighty Roman Empire, which tried to quench their faith.

But Truth itself must ever prevail, because it was of God, and though it might have to pass through the mire of materialism, yet it would emerge triumphant. Because some of the earliest Christians had themselves seen their Master, risen as it were from the dead before their eyes, a clearer vision of great beauty was opened up to them; they saw the barrier of death removed, a new and better country opened up, a great natural hope realised—a vision of Truth which far surpassed all the learned materialism of their time.

The early disciples of Jesus were men so constituted that they could be true mediums for the power of the Spirit, which their Master had promised would come to them. Their bodies became attuned to the higher powers in such a way that they could reveal the Spirit of God, and proclaim the gospel of immortality. They could give to men objective proofs which could convince them of life beyond the Vale.

But this early Christianity had not continued through the ages. The Christian Church had become a mighty organisation, that perhaps might be useful, but it had hidden away or lost its first basic principles, and that was why there were so many agnostics and atheists upon the earth. It was all very well for the Church to tell men to believe and be saved, but it must give them solid meat and not the pap of babes, and if it could not say with authority, "We can prove to you the existence of the life beyond, we can demonstrate to you the truths that Jesus and His disciples taught," then formal Christianity was practically dead, for it could no longer give to humanity the food it required.

The Church might now say that the days of miracles and special revelations had ceased, but no apostle, disciple, prophet, or patriarch had ever walked blindly by faith. All Christ's followers had objective experiences; they were able to see people from the other world, hear the voices of those who came to commune, and it was because they saw and heard that they believed.

But revelation has not ceased, and it was because the great Christian organisation was not revealing the truth which could sustain men that humanity was outgrowing that organisation. Men were demanding concrete facts, and it was by the investigation of Spiritualistic facts occurring to-day that they were finding the truth that made them free.

The conventional religion they had been brought up to accept blindly was being found wanting, and Spiritualism as it was being taught and demonstrated to-day was seen to be identical with the Christianity of its Founders. Therefore, though one talked of modern Spiritualism, it would be correct to say that the truth of Spiritualism was as old as the hills.

True communion was now every day being manifested, and it was revitalising the hearts and minds of men. This truth must prevail, and it was going to be a very great and very important factor in the intellectual, moral, and spiritual life of humanity in the future. It was already revolutionising the whole outlook of men's minds and hearts, and would in time permeate the whole world, so that the reign of hatred and enmity would be replaced by the coming of the Kingdom of God upon earth, with its consequence of unalloyed happiness and joy.

March, 1931.

THE S.O.S. CHURCH SANCTUARY—1,750 MEN A WEEK.

LAST month we reported the opening, by the Bishop of Stepney, of Holy Trinity Church, Gray's Inn Road, as a Night Shelter for unemployed destitute men.

A few days later a croaking report appeared in the Press that this Sanctuary was about to be closed. We wrote to Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, the chief inspirer of the S.O.S., for trustworthy information, and the following is her spirited reassuring reply :—

" It is kind of you to inquire *re* Church Shelter. Yes, thank God, that still goes on. The information in the daily 'rags' was false. We shall have to clear out when the Church is pulled down, but no one knows yet when that will be. In the meantime we carry on successfully—sheltering and feeding and trying to help in other ways 1,750 men a week.

" We are now looking for an additional Hostel house, in addition, I mean, to the one at 61, Mt. Pleasant, where we house and maintain 25 men until we find them work, and take into another shelter another 25 men every night.

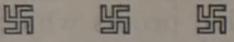
POLITICS AND POVERTY.

" I wish that one of our futile political parties would interest itself in the fate of their millions of fellow-beings who are the sport of their miserable party egoisms. Palliative measures are all very well, and are very necessary, but we need something constructive as a sequence. I have a fine idea for dealing with unemployment, but I can't for the life of me think of any of the politicians who would be likely to interest themselves in any scheme which wasn't primarily calculated to catch votes.

A STRANGE CLERICAL PREJUDICE.

" *Re*, another possible Church, we are on the track of one, but the clergy would rather in many cases, as we have found, see the Church disused than used for the purpose of sheltering 'Down and Outs,' even if the Church is in any case to be pulled down. They regard it as a sacrilege !

" What would Jesus have said ? In the fine oil painting over the altar in the Holy Trinity Church, Gray's Inn Road, He is clearly every night blessing the work, and saying, ' If ye do this for the least of these poor brethren ye do it unto me.' "



ARE HOME CIRCLES DANGEROUS ?

By MARY MILLS.

IT has often been affirmed that one of the best methods of developing mediumship is to start a home circle. But is this always wise ? The more we learn about the laws of mediumship the more convinced we become that the forces employed are not only exceedingly subtle and delicate, but are much more potent than the most powerful forces known on the physical plane. Unless instruction is given to would-be mediums on the laws that govern mediumship, much harm may accrue.

The novice has no means of testing the different influences around, or of separating the sub-conscious psychic influence from the genuine spirit communication. He has at first no knowledge of the conditions necessary to ensure such communication beyond a vague idea that the joining of hands and prayer are necessary. He is apt to be either unduly sceptical or unduly credulous, generally the latter, and often confusion arises, the communications prove valueless, and the sittings are abandoned.

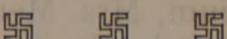
So far, it may be argued, no great harm has been done ; but the evil by no means stops there. Certain relationships have been established, and cases both of obsession and possession may occur.

Several such cases have been brought to me for help, and on inquiry I have discovered that the origin of the difficulty lay in the fact that the medium, ignorant of psychic laws, had *on advice* formed a home circle, with others as ignorant as himself, and it was not until both physical and mental health were impaired that expert advice had been sought.

Again, in such home circles, young people between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one are often allowed to sit, yet anybody who has studied the relationship of the psychic body to the physical knows the disastrous results of developing mediumship during these years. Surely

the time has passed when we can afford to allow mediums to develop in such a haphazard and dangerous fashion.

The best method for the development of mediumship is the meeting together of a few souls (not more than seven, and personally I have found one obtains better results with five) under an experienced leader, fully cognisant of psychic laws, either in the home or elsewhere. Under such circumstances the development of mediumship will be freed from all danger, and the mediums can be thoroughly trained to recognise the various influences. Good health, blessings, and efficient service will then ensue.



"WHAT AM I, A JEW, DOING ON THIS PLATFORM ?"

M R. LAURENCE COWEN, in his address at the Meurig Morris Services in the Fortune Theatre, on February 22, said :—

" What are you, a Jew, doing on a Christian Spiritualist platform ? " Thus, a recent articulate questioner, voicing many silent of that way of thinking. " What am I, a Jew, doing on this platform ? "

I am reminded of the days of my youth in that north-eastern part of England, where and when Jew-baiting was as much an established sport of the natives as whippet-racing and wife-beating.

My father was a Rabbi in the city where the Cowens and the coals come from, and his offspring were thereby fair game for all the grown and undergrown hooligans of that hard-drinking and hard-swearing countryside, where the only rights ungrudgingly permitted Jews were the last rites.

" Why did you knock me down ? " was the not unreasonable enquiry of a Jew, of an unknown Christian imitator of auctioneer's methods. " Because you killed Christ," was the sufficient if scarcely accurate explanation. " But I didn't ; and, besides, that was 2,000 years ago ! " " Was it ? " exclaimed the surprised latter day avenger of the Prince of Peace ; " I only heard of it yesterday."

That was fifty years ago ; only a small slice of 2,000 years, but what a span has been traversed in that half-century !

I recall that when I came in my teens to London, to make my fortune, I found it expedient, in order that I might have a square deal in commercial activities, to slightly vary the spelling of the ancient cognomen of my forbears. That was the real reason, though I was apparently only complying with the popular custom of dropping one's H's in London.

What a change in that brief period in manners, tolerance, and charity ! Who can say that man is not evolving, and upwards ? And yet, how many Christians are there to-day who would not betray a measure of wondering incredulity if brought face to face with the statement that Jesus of Nazareth was a Jew ; that He was born of that despised race, lived one, and died one ; that His disciples and His first thousands of followers were of my People ; that His mission was to them, of them, and for them ; that they were the early Christians ; that but for the crusading spirit of Paul, Jews might have been the only Christians.

" What am I, a Jew, doing on this platform ? " Consider the common bond binding Judaism and Spiritualism, the bond of long suffering by persecution at the hands of those amongst whom they lived, and which still persists. The Jews have given to Spiritualism its greatest exponents right through the ages—Moses, Aaron, Elisha, Samuel, and Jesus Himself. " What am I, a Jew, doing on this platform ? " The whole of the Revelation that has come to Christianity has come from the Jews both in the Old Testament and the New Religion.

The Hebrew Bible is the Doomsday Book of the Spiritualist religion. Its records testify to the continuance of life after so-called death ; its prophets proclaimed communion with the departed to a distressed humanity just as Spiritualists are doing to-day. " What am I, a Jew, doing on this platform ? "

I have told you ; but it is not all ; it is because Spiritualism is not merely a pious creed ; it is of the peace that passeth all understanding ; it is not built on faith but on knowledge ; seeking, and seeking successfully to give to all men, irrespective of race, or faith, or colour, or kind, inclusion in a Universal Brotherhood, which will in the years to come provide the Kingdom of God on earth.

All this accounts for my present situation and explains why I, too, am among the Prophets, and how it is I have emerged from the retirement of what is, to most people, old age, to fight and help win the battle begun by the greatest of my race.

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THE author was once a America. As the amazing lucidity whose philosophy of psychic literature, and "I doctor of medicine remained ever a

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THE BRAIN T

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How the Spirit, on Leaving the Body, is Born Into the Higher Life.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, "The Poughkeepsie Seer."

THE author of this historic vision of classical interest was once a poor illiterate youth in Poughkeepsie, America. As the subject of a mesmerist, he developed amazing lucidity of thought, and produced works whose philosophic range made them marvels of psychic literature. They included "Divine Revelations," and "The Great Harmonia." He became a doctor of medicine, and practised for many years, but remained ever a simple and modest personality,

DYING A NATURAL PROCESS.

DEATH is but a door which opens into a new and more perfect existence. It is a Triumphal Arch through which man's immortal spirit passes at the moment of leaving the outer world to depart for a higher, a sublimer, and a more magnificent country. And there is really nothing more painful or repulsive in the *natural process of dying* (that which is not induced by disease or accident) than there is in passing into a quiet, pleasant, and dreamless slumber.

The truthfulness of this proposition is remarkably illustrated and confirmed by the following **observations and investigations into the physiological and psychological phenomena of death**, which my spirit was qualified to make upon the person of a diseased individual at the moment of physical dissolution.

THE CANCER PATIENT OBSERVED.

The patient was a female of about sixty years of age. Nearly eight months previous to her death she visited me for the purpose of receiving a medical examination of her physical system. Although there were no sensations experienced by her, except a mere weakness or feebleness located in the duodenum, and a falling of the palate, yet I discovered and distinctly perceived that she would die with a cancerous disease of the stomach. This examination was made about eight months previous to her death. Having ascertained the certainty of her speedy removal from our earth, without perceiving the precise period of her departure (for I cannot spiritually measure time or space), I internally resolved to be present and watch the progressive development of that interesting but much-dreaded phenomenon. Moved by this resolution, I at a later period engaged board in her house, and officiated as her physician.

CLAIRVOYANCE INDUCED.

When the hour of her death arrived, I was fortunately in a proper state of body and mind to induce the Superior Condition (in which he could clairvoyantly see what was happening to the spirit of his patient); but, previous to throwing my spirit into that condition, I sought the most convenient and favourable position, that I might be allowed to make the observations entirely unnoticed and undisturbed. Thus situated and conditioned, I proceeded to observe and investigate the mysterious processes of dying, and to learn what it is for an individual human spirit to undergo the changes consequent upon physical death or external dissolution. They were these:—

THE WITHDRAWAL OF THE SOUL.

I saw the physical organisation could no longer subserv the diversified purposes or requirements of the Spiritual Principle. But the various internal organs of the body appeared to resist the withdrawal of the animating soul. The muscular system struggled to retain the element of Motion; the vascular system strove to retain the element of Life; the nervous system put forth all its powers to retain the element of Sensation; and the cerebral system laboured to retain the principle of Intelligence. The body and the soul, like two friends, strongly resisted the various circumstances which rendered their eternal separation imperative and absolute. These internal conflicts gave rise to manifestations of what seemed to be, to the material senses, the most thrilling and painful sensations; but I was unspeakably thankful and delighted when I perceived and realised the fact that those physical manifestations were indications, *not of pain or unhappiness*, but simply that the spirit was eternally dissolving its co-partnership with the material organism.

THE BRAIN TENFOLD MORE POSITIVE.

Now the head of the body became suddenly enveloped

in a fine, soft, mellow, luminous atmosphere; and, as instantly, I saw the cerebrum and the cerebellum expand their most interior portions; I saw them discontinue their appropriate galvanic functions; and then I saw that they became highly charged with the vital electricity and vital magnetism which permeate subordinate systems and structures. That is to say, the brain, as a whole, suddenly declared itself to be tenfold more positive over the lesser portions of the body than it ever was during the period of health. This phenomenon invariably precedes physical dissolution.

BECOMES LIGHT AND GLOWING.

Now, the process of dying, or the spirit's departure from the body, was fully commenced. The brain began to attract the elements of electricity, of magnetism, of motion, of life and of sensation, into its various and numerous departments. The head became intensely brilliant, and I particularly remarked that, just in the same proportion as the extremities of the organism grew dark and cold, the brain appeared light and glowing.

THE PSYCHIC COUNTERPART.

Now I saw—in the mellow, spiritual atmosphere which emanated from and encircled her head—the indistinct outlines of the formation of another head! The reader should remember that *these super-sensuous processes are not visible to anyone except the spiritual perceptions be unfolded; for material eyes can only behold material things, and spiritual eyes can only behold spiritual things.* This is a law of Nature. This new head unfolded more and more distinctly; and so indescribably compact and intensely brilliant did it become that I could neither see through it nor gaze upon it as steadily as I desired.

THE AROMAL ATMOSPHERE.

While this spiritual head was being eliminated and organised from out of and above the material head, I saw that the surrounding aromal atmosphere, which had emanated from the material head, was in great commotion; but, as the new head became more distinct and perfect, this brilliant atmosphere gradually disappeared. This taught me that those aromal elements, which were, in the beginning of the metamorphosis, attracted from the system into the brain, and thence eliminated in the form of an atmosphere, were indissolubly united in accordance with the Divine principle of affinity in the universe, which pervades and destinates every particle of matter, and developed the spiritual head which I beheld.

THE ENTIRE SPIRITUAL ORGANISATION.

With inexpressible wonder, and with a heavenly and unutterable reverence, I gazed upon the holy and harmonious processes that were going on before me. In the identical manner in which the spiritual head was eliminated and unchangeably organised, I saw, unfolding in their natural, progressive order, the harmonious development of the neck, the shoulders, the breast, the entire spiritual organisation. It appeared from this, even to an unequivocal demonstration, that the innumerable particles of what might be termed unparticled matter, which constitute a man's spiritual principle, are constitutionally endowed with certain elective affinities, analogous to an immortal friendship. The innate tendencies, which the elements and essences of her soul manifested by uniting and organising themselves, were the efficient and imminent causes which unfolded and perfected her spiritual organisation.

DEFORMITIES DISAPPEAR.

The defects and deformities of her physical body were, in the spiritual body which I saw thus developed, almost completely removed. In other words, it seemed that those hereditary obstructions and influences were now removed which originally arrested the full and proper development of her physical constitution; and, therefore, that her physical constitution, being elevated above these obstructions, was enabled to unfold and perfect itself, in accordance with the universal tendencies of all created things.

SYMPOTMS OF PAIN DECEPTIVE.

While this spiritual formation was going on, which was perfectly visible to my spiritual perceptions, the material body manifested to the outer vision of observing individuals in the room many symptoms of uneasiness and pain; but these indications were totally deceptive: they were wholly caused by the departure of the vital or spiritual forces from the extremities and viscera into the brain, and thence into the ascending organism.

"DEATH IS BUT A BIRTH."

The spirit arose at a right angle over the head or brain of the deserted body. But immediately previous to the final dissolution of the relationship which had for so many years subsisted between the spiritual and material bodies, I saw—playing energetically between the feet of the elevated spiritual body and the head of the prostrate physical form—a bright stream or current of vital electricity. This taught me that what is customarily termed *Death* is but a *Birth* of the spirit from a lower into a higher state; that an inferior body and mode of existence are exchanged for a superior body and corresponding endowments and capabilities of happiness. I learned that the correspondence between the birth of a child into this world and the birth of the spirit from the material body to a higher world is absolute and complete—even to the *umbilical cord*, which was represented by the thread of vital electricity, which for a new minutes subsisted between and connected the two organisms together. And here I perceived what I had never before obtained a knowledge of, that a small portion of this vital electrical element returned to the deserted body immediately subsequent to the separation of the umbilical thread; and that that portion of this element which passed back into the earthly organism instantly diffused itself through the entire structure, and thus prevented immediate decomposition.

SPIRIT BREATHES A NEW ATMOSPHERE.

As soon of the spirit, whose departing hour I thus watched, was wholly disengaged from the tenacious physical body, I directed my attention to the movements and emotions of the former, and I saw her begin to breathe the most interior or spiritual portions of the surrounding terrestrial atmosphere. At first it seemed with difficulty that she could breathe the new medium; but, in a few seconds, she inhaled and exhaled the spiritual elements of nature with the greatest possible ease and delight.

THE SPIRITUAL COUNTERPART OF THE PHYSICAL.

And now I saw that she was in the possession of exterior and physical proportions which were identical in every possible particular—improved and beautified—with those proportions which characterised her earthly organisation. That is to say, she possessed a heart, a stomach, a liver, lungs, etc., etc., just as her natural body did previous to (not *her*, but *its*) death. This is a wonderful and consoling truth! But I saw that the improvements which were wrought upon and in her spiritual organisation were not so particular and thorough as to destroy or transcend her personality; nor did they materially alter her natural appearance or earthly characteristics. So much like her former self was she, that, had her friends beheld her (*as I did*), they certainly would have exclaimed—as we often do upon the sudden return of a long absent friend, who leaves us in illness and returns in health—"Why, how well you look! how improved you are!" Such was the nature—most beautifying in their extent—of the improvements that were wrought upon her.

PHILOSOPHIC TRANQUILLITY.

I saw her continue to conform and accustom herself to the new elements and elevating sensations which belong to the inner life. I did not particularly notice the workings

Robert Blatchford's Change of Faith. CONVINCING INCIDENT AT A SEANCE WITH MRS. LEONARD.

ROBERT BLATCHFORD, in his unconventional autobiography, "My 80 Years," published last month by Cassell, has a chapter describing his change of faith. All his life, until the end of the war, he had been a materialist. But he was interested in a future life. He wanted to know. And he was much intrigued and astonished by a talk on Spiritualism with W. T. Stead.

Then came the death of his wife. Somehow he could not believe she was dead. His daughters, who held the same materialistic views as he had held, shared his feeling. He began to ask himself if perhaps the Spiritualists were right. He read all the best Spiritualist books he could get hold of. The books affected him as W. T. Stead's talk had affected him. He told himself that all those gifted and honourable men and women could not be dupes or knaves. And—if they were right?

At the suggestion of Mr. and Mrs. Hewat McKenzie, of the British Psychic College, he had a sitting with Mrs. Osborne Leonard, who was, they said, "one of the best living mediums." He was introduced as "Mr. Roberts." He went without expecting any solid evidence. But no sooner had Mrs. Leonard fallen into trance than "Feda," the control, spoke:

"She said:—There is a lady here to see you,

and emotions of her newly-awakening and fast-unfolding spirit, except that I was careful to remark her philosophic tranquillity throughout the entire process, and her non-participation with the different members of her family in their unrestrained bewailing of her departure from the earth, to unfold in Love and Wisdom throughout eternal spheres. She understood at a glance that they could only gaze upon the cold and lifeless form which she had just deserted, and she readily comprehended the fact that it was owing to a want of true knowledge upon their parts that they thus vehemently regretted her merely physical death.

A FORM MORE BEAUTIFUL AND LIVING.

I can solemnly assure the inquirer after truth that when an individual dies naturally the spirit experiences no pain; nor, should the material body be dissolved with disease or crushed by the fearful avalanche, is the individuality of the spirit deformed or in the least degree obscured. Could you but turn your natural gaze from the lifeless body, which can no longer answer to your look of love, and could your spiritual eyes be opened, you would behold—standing in your midst—a form, the same, but more beautiful, and living! Hence, there is great cause to rejoice at the *birth* of the spirit from this world into the Inner Sphere of Life—yea, it is far more reasonable and appropriate to weep at the majority of marriages which occur in this world than to lament when man's immortal spirit escapes from its earthly form, to live and unfold in a higher and better country!

SHE WALKED IN THE ATMOSPHERE.

Without changing my position of spiritual perceptions, I continued to observe the movements of her new-born spirit. As soon as she became accustomed to the new elements which surrounded her, she descended from her elevated position, which was immediately over the body, by an effort of the will-power, and directly passed out of the door of the bedroom in which she had lain (in the material form) prostrated with disease for several weeks. I saw her pass through the adjoining room, out of the door, and step from the house into the atmosphere! I was overwhelmed with delight and astonishment when, for the first time, I realised the universal truth, that the spiritual organisation can tread the atmosphere which, while in the coarser earthly form, we breathe—so much more refined is man's spiritual condition. She walked in the atmosphere as easily, and in the same manner, as we tread this earth and ascend an eminence.

MET BY FRIENDLY SPIRITS AND ASCENDS.

Immediately upon her emergence from the house she was joined by two friendly spirits from the spiritual country, and, after tenderly recognising and communing with each other, the three, in the most graceful manner, began ascending obliquely through the ethereal envelopment of our globe. They walked so naturally and fraternally together that I could scarcely realise the fact that they trod the air; they seemed to be walking upon the side of a glorious but familiar mountain! I continued to gaze upon them until the distance shut them from my view, whereupon I returned to my external and ordinary condition.

EIGHT sitters by Mrs. N report of given in "dire trumpet":—

"When the voice our correspondent.

"Charlie Bishop

"Do you know

"Yes, Mrs. Cros

"I cannot recall

"I was with you

aid Charlie Bishop

"In what ship?

"The Caledoni

Mrs. Crosier aske

"Twenty-four."

"When did you

"In 1915, but

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"Did I ever mee

"Yes, twice, on

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"Yes," he said,

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into the cabin."

"Well, ask your

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"**I**S there a of old age loved ones the question wh asks in an in "Beyond Life's Press, 1/-), and answer is :—

"There is, there, and wh channels as p the nature of t

What is the life years, as Mr. Thc have left earth, an friends speak. Wh we see, hear, and s shall we be doing?

The talks he de answers to these remarkable clarity book, or suitable 1 platforms of our v the services would knowledge of life in been able to gathe that have appeare experiences in the best. It is not a sold out at the Gro

"Does your wor to this one?" Mr had been in the replied :

"Yes, it is. It is a similar and affording u His father, alludin

"I have a h They are real f Shortly after Mr. on he described so them this :—

"They took Some of the f I know my ov at the trees and a building that with lots of ros

She calls you by a name beginning with B. Not the long name, the short name.' I was not expecting that. But I thought perhaps the medium knew I was Robert Blatchford and not Mr. Roberts.

"Then Feda said something which made me sit up and take notice:—'She is trying to put her hand in your breast pocket. She says she is pleased you have that in your pocket; but the little one is gone a long way.'

"I have a pocket wallet in which I carry two of my wife's portraits. One is a carte size and was taken just before we married; the other a small snapshot taken in 1915. The small one was not in my pocket at the time I sat with Mrs. Leonard. It was in South Africa. How could Mrs. Leonard, or Feda, know that. I began to think hard."

The sitting lasted thirty minutes, and Mr. Blatchford got many messages, all so correct, he says, that he could not explain them away. He also heard his wife's own voice:—"She said, in eager, anxious tones, 'Bob, I'm here. I am with you, Bob.'

"This incident, crowning all the other messages, broke down my scepticism. I left for home convinced that I had been in communication with my wife. Another sitting, in the following June, confirmed the impression. I will not say how the conviction helped me to gain my serenity. I should be very unhappy if I were convinced that the splendid hope was a delusion."

A Remarkable Direct Voice Test. A FORGOTTEN CUP OF COFFEE.

EIGHT sitters at a seance held recently by Mrs. Nutland at Ilford have sent us a report of a very striking test which was given in "direct voice," without the aid of a trumpet:—

"When the voice came we asked who it was?" writes our correspondent.

"Charlie Bishop" was the reply.

"Do you know anyone here?"

"Yes, Mrs. Crosier."

"I cannot recall you, friend," said Mrs. Crosier.

"I was with your son, Fred, in the Mercantile Marines," aid Charlie Bishop.

"In what ship?" he was asked.

"The Caledonian, a transport."

Mrs. Crosier asked his age at the time.

"Twenty-four."

"When did you join?"

"In 1915, but was transferred to the Army Service Corps in 1916."

"Did I ever meet you?" Mrs. Crosier asked.

"Yes, twice, on the 'Caledonian,' when you and your husband came to see Fred."

"I am sorry, friend, I cannot recall you, though the name sounds familiar. Perhaps you can give me something that will help me?"

"Yes," he said, after a pause, "once in the cabin I gave you a cup of coffee and your husband some cigars."

"I am sorry I cannot recall it, but I remember going into the cabin."

"Well, ask your husband; he'll remember."

"Do you want me to take a message to anyone for you? Shall I write to your mother?"

"Write to my sister," he said; "my mother is here with me."

"Where did you live?" he was asked.

"Sea View Cottages, Littlehampton."

He was asked if he could send a message to his sister which would convince her it was he.

"Say to her 'Nell,' she will understand, and tell her I fought for my life, but I am happy now." He explained that he had been a prisoner of war in Germany, and died there through poisoned food in 1917.

Mrs. Crosier asked her husband about the cigars. He remembered them quite well—he was given them by a boy called "Bish," and reminded her that he asked her at the time whether she would like some whisky, and she said she would prefer a cup of coffee, which was brought. It all came back to her mind then.

Every other detail has also been proved. "Nell" was his sweetheart. His mother passed over about two years ago. Dates, age, and so on are all correct; and the boy used to be called "Bish." When he said he "fought for his life" it was literally true, for when he was captured, he was tied to a wheel and lashed. His wounds were left undressed; he was given bad food; and he died. These particulars have been supplied by a witness who managed to get away.

The names of the signatories to the report of the seance are F. L. Walsh, A. C. Jones, G. Luff, A. L. Trathen, F. E. McCarthy, H. Crosier, M. V. Gladwin, and J. A. Pizey. The report is sent to us by Mrs. Gladwin, 157, Henley Road, Ilford.

"Beyond Life's Sunset,"

THE REV. DRAYTON THOMAS'S THRILLING SPIRIT TALKS.

THE GLORIOUS "SUNSHINE" OF THE SPHERES.

The sun, his sister told him, is not seen as a round object, as we see it, "yet," she said, "we seem to see its light. With this self-luminous atmosphere there are no shadows, nor day and night changes." It is interesting to compare this passage with the description given by George R. Sims.

Sims, it will be recalled by all who have read his book ("The Return of George R. Sims") spoke of the sunshine on earth not being comparable "in any respect whatever to the glorious glow here," and he was asked whether he saw the sun and moon and stars as we do. "The sun and moon," he replied, "we know of their existence, but we do not see them. The glow of light is according to the state or sphere round about you. We get the first rays of heat. We have no serious darkness at all. It is as though you were in the Norwegian fjords, where you know of the sun seeming to fade away and twilight coming, but with scarcely an interruption, dawn sets in and daylight is in all its beauty once again."

It is rather remarkable to get two descriptions by entirely different spirits, and through entirely different mediums, as close to each other in form as these.

"We have no rain, no night nor darkness, no sun nor moon," says Mr. Thomas's spirit sister, and she adds, "You might think that some people would miss this, but the effect of them is present. We have a sunshine which seems to originate in our atmosphere, and is far more satisfactory than being dependent on clouds and wind."

The houses in the spirit world are very much like the houses on earth. Clothing can be changed by thought if one chooses; and as to going from place to place, one can either walk or float along—a delightful experience.

The pain of leaving loved ones behind on passing is healed by the certainty of reunion and also by opportunity of a frequent visit to earth. "My sister, referring to her children," says Mr. Thomas, "often speaks of going to their home, and of her ability to know all that concerns them," and he adds, "I have good evidence of the reality of these visits."

We could fill pages of this "Gazette" with similar quotations, for every chapter is full of interest, and not the least arresting are the chapters we have not mentioned at all, namely those on Animal Survival, Children in the After Life, and Religion in the Spirit World.

Mr. Drayton Thomas, in short, has packed as much information into this wonderful shilling book as is often contained only in volumes seven times the price.

"IS there a New World beyond the sunset of old age and death, a land where our loved ones await our coming?" This is the question which the Rev. C. Drayton Thomas asks in an intensely interesting little book, "Beyond Life's Sunset" (published by Arthur's Press, 1/-), and his consoling and most emphatic answer is:—

"There is. I have spoken with many who reside there, and who return to tell through such psychic channels as permit, the story of their passing and the nature of their present surroundings."

What is the life in this New World like? In a few years, as Mr. Thomas reminds us, we shall ourselves have left earth, and be living the life of which his spirit friends speak. What form will then be ours? How shall we see, hear, and speak? Where shall we be, and what shall we be doing?

The talks he describes with his spirit friends give the answers to these questions. They are recorded with remarkable clarity of expression; and if this little book, or suitable passages from it, were read from the platforms of our various societies the public who attend the services would gain in twenty minutes a clearer knowledge of life in the Spheres than, perhaps, many have been able to gather in twenty years. Of all the books that have appeared in the last few years describing experiences in the next world, this is one of the very best. It is not at all surprising that it was quickly sold out at the Grotian Hall stall the other evening.

"Does your world appear to you to be solid and similar to this one?" Mr. Thomas asked his sister after she had been in the spirit world some few years. She replied:

"Yes, it is a place as earth is, and looks like it. It is a similar world, but with greater opportunities and affording us greater knowledge."

His father, alluding to his mother, still on earth, said:—

"I have a home there, with a garden and flowers.

They are real flowers."

Shortly after Mr. Thomas's head gardener had passed on he described some of his first experiences, and among them this:—

"They took me out and showed me a garden. Some of the flowers and plants I knew as well as I know my own name. We walked along looking at the trees and hearing the birds sing, and I noticed a building that looked as if made of beautiful stone, with lots of roses climbing over."

March, 1931.

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69, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

Jan Van Ruysbroeck.

(First published on this page in April 1917.)

PERHAPS this name is new to most of our readers as it was to ourselves only a few days ago. A valued friend of the *Gazette* was good enough to hand us an English translation, in one volume, of three of this mediaeval mystic's works, entitled "The Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage," "The Book of Truth," and "The Sparkling Stone," saying—"I think this book will suit you; take it with you!" When we had read the trinity of heavy titles we glanced at the donor to read his face. Was he joking, or only clearing out old lumber from his bookshelves? He appeared to be in earnest, and as his discernment and kindness are known to us, we brought the book away. And thus we became introduced to Jan Van Ruysbroeck, who was a spiritual ancestor once removed of the better-known Thomas à Kempis.

HIS LIFE STORY.

In a charming introduction by Evelyn Underhill, we learn that Jan was born in 1293 at Ruysbroeck (hence his name), a little village between Brussels and Hal, that he was the greatest of the Flemish mystics, and spent his whole life within his native province of Brabant. When eleven years old he ran away from home, and was received by his uncle Jan Hinckaert, a Canon of the Cathedral of St. Gudule at Brussels. Uncle Jan lived with another priest named Francis van Coudenberg. The two men were austere, devout, and devoted to prayer and good works. They brought up the boy, and educated him in theology and philosophy, for which he showed astonishing aptitude. At twenty-four he himself became a prebend of St. Gudule's, and until he was fifty fulfilled the ordinary duties of a Cathedral chaplain, developing shrewd insight into human character, and experiencing "the hard self-discipline, the enlightenment, raptures and dero-lictions of the 'active' and 'interior' life."

A contemporary biographer describes him as a simple, quiet, rather shabby-looking person, who "went about the streets of Brussels with his mind lifted up to God." He disliked "singular conduct" in those who had given themselves to the spiritual life; he thought they should be only "like other good men." He accepted without criticism the institutions of his time, "but on the spiritual side his period influenced him little. There, his concern was with truths which lie, as he says, outside time in the Eternal Now; and when he is trying to interpret these to us, the Middle Ages and their limitations fall away. Then we catch fragments which Plato or Plotinus on the one hand, Hegel on the other, might recognise as the reports of one who had known and experienced the Reality for which they sought. 'My words,' he said, 'are strange, but those who love will understand.'

At fifty, Ruysbroeck, with the two old men, left behind the bustle of the town and the formalism of Cathedral life, and retired to a hermitage in the forest of Soignes, where a small community of disciples was formed, in what became known as the home of a special holiness.

"The full flowering of his genius . . . coincided with his abandonment of the world." He went out into the woods when he felt that the inspiration of God was upon him, and, sitting under a favourite tree, wrote as the Holy Ghost dictated. "The brethren used to declare that once, having been absent many hours from the priory, he was at last found in this place, rapt in ecstasy and surrounded by a brilliant aura of divine light."

HIS LOVE FOR MANKIND.

His rapturous ascents towards Divine Reality were, however, balanced by his loving interest in men, whom he sought perpetually to serve, even menially. Like the Divine Master, he ruthlessly exposed the pious pretensions of those who sought only a reputation for sanctity. Two priests once came from Paris to consult him as to their spiritual state. He told them, "You are as holy as you wish to be!" They probably went home sadder but wiser. When the Spirit impelled Ruysbroeck to speak, he was wont to pour forth treasures of mystical knowledge in long ecstatic discourses. "At eighty-eight years of age his strength failed; and after a short illness, which never clouded the radiance of his spirit, he died upon December 2, 1381."

Ruysbroeck had a strong and disciplined intellect which he never permitted to encroach on the proper domain of spiritual intuition, but which enabled him to interpret to others "something at least of the adventures of his Spirit in the fathomless Ocean of God." The ideas of movement, effort and growth are central in Ruysbroeck's thought, and his goal of spiritual development is the unified state of "pure simplicity" in which the soul is able to "lose itself in the Fathomless Love." In the first book Ruysbroeck refers to Christ as the Bridegroom and human nature as the Bride:

"God has made her (human nature) in His own image and after His likeness. And in the beginning He had set her in the highest and most beautiful, the richest and most fertile place in all the earth: that is in Paradise. And He had given her dominion over all creatures; and He had adorned her with graces; and had given her a commandment, so that by obedience she might have merited to be conformed and established with her Bridegroom in an eternal troth, and never to fall into any grief or any sin."

But "the fiend seduced that nature, the bride of God, with false counsel; and she was driven into a strange country, poor and miserable and captive and oppressed, and beset by her enemies; so that it seemed as though she might never attain reconciliation and return again to her native land."

The Spiritual Marriage is, however, eventually consummated by the mystical union of human nature with God. Miss Underhill, in her penetrating interpretation, says:—

"It is a condition wherein we dwell wholly in God, one life and truth with Him; yet still feel God and ourselves, as the lover feels his beloved, in a perfect union which depends for its joy on an invincible otherness. The soul, transfused and transfigured by the Divine Love as molten iron is by fire, becomes it is true 'one simple blessedness with God,' yet ever retains its individuality: one with God beyond itself, yet other than God within itself. The 'deified man' is fully human still, but spiritualised through and through; not by the destruction of his personality, but by the taking up of his manhood into God."

HOW TO ATTAIN SPIRITUAL VISION.

The following excerpt gives Jan's instructions how to attain true Spiritual Vision, a subject in which many of our readers have a serious interest:—

"Whosoever wishes to see in a supernatural way in his inward exercises must have three things. The first is the light of Divine grace, and this in a more lofty degree than that which we can experience in the outward and active life without earnest inward diligence. The second thing is the casting out of all distracting images and attachments from the heart; so that a man may be free and imageless, released from all attachments and empty of all creatures. The third is a free turning of the will, with a gathering together of all our powers, both bodily and ghostly, cleansed from every inordinate love. Thereby the will flows forth into the unity of God and into the unity of the mind; and thus the rational creature may obtain and possess the most high unity of God in a supernatural manner. For this God has created heaven and earth and everything."

These slight notes hardly give even a taste of this mystical tome by a mediaeval monk, which is a rich translucent well of eternal truth. It is published by Dent's at 4s. 6d., but its spiritual wisdom and inspiration will be found priceless by aspirants to "the deified life."

J. L.

March, 1931.

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MY SEANCES AT

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OUR INTERNATIONAL CHRONICLE:

A MONTHLY RECORD OF SPIRITUALISTIC AND PSYCHIC HAPPENINGS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, WITH SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

BY MONSIEUR PASCAL FORTHUNY.

(*This Chronicle is Written in French, and is Translated into English by the Editor.*)

Personal Recollections.

MY SEANCES AT TAVISTOCK SQUARE—VI.

LAST month I described a new form of divination, by which I arrived at an important event in my sitter's experience—namely, her effort to re-establish the Coué Institution—from a figure I drew of the four points of the compass. I promised a similar story this month, of something that happened when I was a guest of amiable hosts during a delightful week-end in the County of Kent. Here it is :—

A MYSTERIOUS TRIANGLE.

During the Sunday afternoon we were chatting in the study, awaiting "tea-time," when an unexpected visitor arrived, of whose existence I was unaware until that moment. When he entered his name was not spoken; we simply shook hands, and at that moment I saw shining over his head a triangle, similar to those engraved or sculptured in Jewish synagogues, but the letters enclosed in it were not Hebraic. On the contrary, in this mysterious triangle was, in Greek letters, the word Θεός (*Theós*), the word for God, from which we derive "theology."

A few minutes later I mentioned this curious observation to the visitor. He smiled and said, "Do you see anything else?" I replied, "I see nothing more, but someone is pronouncing near my ear the word 'Walter.'" "Continue," he said, "what more do you see?" "I see you armed," I replied, "with a sword which resembles that of the archangel Saint Michel" (in English Michael).

"That is very interesting," said my "subject of observation." "My name is Thomas Walker Mitchell. The name Thomas is often written 'Thos.' and that would explain your vision of the word 'Theos.' The word 'Walter' you heard in your ear is a malformation of the name 'Walker.' And as for the archangel 'Michel,' that is almost precisely my name 'Mitchell.'"

I was then informed that Mr. T. W. Mitchell is a doctor of high repute, and a Member of Council of the Society for Psychical Research.

These little improvised experiments have little importance, beyond being amusing, but they are, I think, singularly demonstrative of the power of clairvoyance.

A NON-MEDIUMISTIC EXPERIMENT!

This seems to have been realised by an English reader of the *International Psychic Gazette*, who writes me that he was vastly intrigued by my clairvoyant method of discovering the name of the Coué Institution from the four cardinal points of the compass.

He says he is not at all mediumistic himself, but in an idle moment he let his pencil glide along a piece of paper, and, without dreaming of what he was doing, wrote the following line :—

"THE SP . . . R AND F Y."

No sooner had he done so than there flashed before his eyes (just as before my own in the Coué experiment) the occult significance of these mysterious letters and dots, which stood out clearly thus :—

"THE SPIDER AND FLY."

He says that, of course, his subconsciousness was fully aware how coaxingly the cunning spider (the S.P.R.) had enticed the poor innocent fly (Forthuny) to enter its pretty parlour, and how rudely the wicked arachnid pounced on its inoffensive victim, but all the same he thinks the correspondence between the letters representing the parties (and the characters) in a historic recent comedy and those in the ancient fable are distinctly curious! (I think so too!)

My amiable correspondent concludes his letter by congratulating me on having triumphantly escaped from what he calls "the cunningly-devised toils of Tavistock Square," and says he is pleased to see the once great but now ignoble "S.P.R." again in the wretched

position of The Biter Bit! The reference seems to be to its discomfiture over Millesimo!

A PSYCHOMETRICAL TEST.

On June 11, 1929, I gave a seance to a person closely associated with the general staff of the S.P.R., whom I shall not designate more clearly. I explored in this case, for over an hour, a sorrowful past of sacrifice and resignation, whose thorns had been gradually transformed into roses by the prolonged knowledge and study of human existence. I cited precise circumstances, and described a family coat of arms, which I sketched.

My reading seemed to give much satisfaction to my consultant, who finally handed me, wrapped in paper, one of those military tokens which English soldiers wear on their hats and uniforms. With this I had an impression of acute stifling, and I pronounced the name "Kathleen." Now this badge had belonged to a soldier who died from double pneumonia, and the name of the lady who sent it by my consultant to be psychometrised was named Kathleen!

"INTERROGATING THE FURNITURE."

I had a most cordial reception in the evening at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Z. Mr. Z. is a high functionary in one of the principal Ministries of the British Government.

After dinner I completely failed in handling a note written in pencil by an unhappy man who, nine months before, had committed suicide in that house in a manner peculiarly tragic. I felt nothing at all of these circumstances.

A few minutes later, however, I was quite successful. Having been invited to go around the drawing-room and interrogate the furniture, artistic objects, and knick-knacks, I said, "One of your relatives, named Mary Ann, sewed with her own hands this screen embroidered with flowers. There exists another screen quite similar. Mrs. Z., you have two sisters, one Lilian, who is sad (and this figure in Saxony porcelain belongs to her), and the other, Yvonne (the correct name was Evelyn), who is very short-sighted. You have a son named Robert. This framed embroidery was given to you, on a distribution of family goods, in compensation for silver plate allotted to you, which was of importance for another inheritor. This is the photograph of a young woman who died after a few years of unhappy married life. A relative of this young woman and yourself lives in a foreign country, and is named Georgette. She is terribly stout." (This description was said to be applicable to an Aunt Georgette, who lives in Paris.)

These are only some of the successful experiments, which were carried on until after midnight.

PREPARING FOR THE FINAL!

On June 12 I gave my last public seance at Tavistock Square. I prepared myself for it by a method whose value and power I know: it was by playing a great deal of music in the early afternoon. Since my arrival in England I had not had an opportunity of putting my hands on the keyboard of a piano, and I had suffered from this deprivation. That day, however, I had the honour of being invited to the home of Mrs. M. W., where I was received with infinite good grace. There was an admirable Bechstein piano in the house, and I was granted the favour of making a long improvisation.

I intoxicated myself with harmony, knowing well that by the process I should whip up all the activity of my clairvoyance. My spiritual vitality seems to become recharged by music, and especially when I allow my imagination to roam at pleasure over the black and white keys. In this salon, full of exquisite works of art, I became saturated with sweet melodies, and had at last to excuse myself for having travelled so long in the country of dreams without having occupied myself about the patience of my auditors. When I rose from the piano I felt so happy that I was convinced I should give, one hour later, a very satisfactory seance to my audience at 31, Tavistock Square.

We shall see next month how I emerged from that last trial, and whether my optimistic prognostication was legitimate.

The Chronicle.
AN ALLEGED TALK WITH SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

THE Paris newspaper *L'Intransigeant* publishes an account of a recent seance, during which the medium was said to be controlled by Sir Arthur. I quote a few lines of the conversation :—

"Sir Arthur, have you often been called up?"
 "Yes, often, but I have only recently responded."
 "Are you happy?"
 "Very happy. All that I anticipated has been realised. I have nothing to modify in what I wrote. It is all true. And it is necessary to believe—to believe! I live in the midst of my family. I am their Guide; I see them; I love them."

"Is there any message you would like transmitted to them?"

"That is unnecessary, seeing I am in communication with them."

"Which of your books do you prefer?"

"My friend, I like them all, for I always wrote with my heart."

One knows how necessary it is to receive with caution the messages which numerous mediums profess have come from Sir Arthur, so I transcribe the above with reserve.

AN AFFAIR OF JUSTICE.

Le Foyer Protestant devotes a long article to Sir Arthur and recalls a circumstance in which the great Apostle of Spiritualism showed himself particularly admirable. It says :—

"There was that work to which he devoted himself for eighteen years on behalf of a Jew, Oscar Slater, who was falsely condemned to penal servitude for murder. Thanks to Sir Arthur, the judgment was revised, and the innocence of Slater acknowledged. Sir Arthur was one of those persons who thirsted for Justice, to whom the Gospel promised satisfaction."

A STORY OF NAPOLEON.

The Corriere della Sera reveals a hitherto unpublished story of Napoleon which is worth knowing :—

In 1799, Prince Belosselschi sent a pious request to the First Consul. In 1792 he had been the Russian Ambassador at Turin, Italy, when his wife died. As she was of the Orthodox religion she could not be buried in the Roman Catholic cemetery. The Prince therefore had a chapel built on the bank of the river Po, around which catacombs were dug for the interment of Orthodox Greek Catholics.

The French armies having occupied this region, the Prince asked Napoleon to grant him the right of remaining proprietor of this sacred spot. Bonaparte replied :—

"Prince Belosselschi, I have read your letter. It is inspired by sentiments of tenderness and piety which have moved me. I have given orders that an account should be rendered to me concerning the state of the monument you claim. I trust it has not suffered from the war, and that it still preserves the remains of your dear wife. Honours rendered to the ashes of the dead are for those who survive an anticipation of the happiness which the living and the dead will have on finding each other in love beyond the limits of the terrestrial life. I know of no sentiment more worthy of being set up as an example, and of receiving the respect of all Governments.—Bonaparte."

THE SCALES OF DON CASTELLI.

Le Quotidien mentions the existence of a curé, Don Castelli, in the Italian village of Bivigliano, who is an expert water diviner.

He also devotes himself with remarkable success to curious experiments with a pair of scales, in which are balanced two crystals, one red and the other blue.

When these scales are held over a photograph, placed face down on a table, and the blue ball oscillates, the curé says, "It is the picture of a woman." But if the red ball starts moving he says it is that of a man.

He claims that he can tell the sex of an unborn child by suspending the scales near the fully clothed mother. Then, according to what crystal moves, he can say with certainty, "The child will be a boy," or otherwise.

When he placed his apparatus over the photograph of an orator, taken when he was making a public speech, the red ball made 140 strong oscillations to the minute. When placed over a photograph of the same orator in repose it made only 100 oscillations to the minute.

The curé expects that by means of this apparatus he will be able to discover anomalies, physical or psychic, in persons examined, and even perhaps find mediumship where it is unsuspected.

A MYSTERIOUS TUMBLER.

In the Italian village of Mineo, a family named Zimbone have been amazed by the antics of a glass tumbler on their mantelpiece.

Professor Guzzanti has made a careful investigation of these strange movements. He placed the glass on a sloping desk, and after waiting twenty-five minutes, saw a sort of vapour forming within it. That soon became liquified, and streamed down the sides. Then the glass began to glide up and down the sloping desk. The experiment was several times repeated with the same success, and the Professor had to confess that he could make nothing of the tumbler's manoeuvres. He wrote in November, 1930—"There is here a physical mystery which remains insoluble in spite of various experiments. Other scientists are going to try whether they can solve the enigma.

THE BLACK MASS.

A recent article in the London *Morning Post* has been the subject of many commentaries in the Continental Press.

The author declared that he had been present at a black mass in London. The London correspondent of a French newspaper said that he also had been a witness in the British capital of a similar abominable ceremony. His story had all the appearance of something he had actually seen, and he concluded by saying that the public authorities in England were preparing to deal energetically with these odious practices. Such unholy orgies should not be permitted in any civilised land.

THE HEALING OF MARIA OLDRATI.

The human body is a magnificent territory for exploring miracles and wonders.

Here is the case of a dying woman who was instantaneously cured. How did it happen? There are three possible explanations: (1) a formidable reaction of the mental over the physical, (2) the intervention of spiritual healers, and (3) direct divine intervention.

It is the *Eco di Bergamo* that registers the fact. In the hospital of Grumello del Monte, a poor woman was suffering from a particularly cruel malady. For six years she had endured continual tortures from chronic ailments, and finally peritonitis added frightful pains.

One morning the physician believed her on the verge of death, and a telegram was sent to her family. The invalid became aware of the doctor's verdict, but she did not want to die. She implored the intervention of a Saint, and at midday she declared she saw this very Saint beside her in the ward, and heard her say, "You will be cured!"

She went to sleep for an hour, and awoke free from all her physical pains. She got up joyfully, dressed herself, and exclaimed, "The Saint whom I saw has saved me. My troubles are finished. My health is perfect!" The doctor was brought, and declared that his patient was really cured, and that this sudden recovery was a human impossibility. He added that Maria Oldrati might leave the hospital, but out of gratitude the woman, who had been so near to death, said she preferred to remain to nurse other patients, and this she is now doing with admirable devotion.

MODERN ORNITHOMANCY.

The ancients used to see good and evil omens in the flight of birds, and that was called ornithomancy, from two Greek words.

Mrs. Orea E. Windust narrates in *l'Astrosofie* how she believes she received, by some sort of mediumship, messages by means of birds. One day she was walking in a wood with a lady friend who asked her when some visitors she was expecting would arrive. Mrs. Windust mentioned a date, but at that moment a bird passed overhead, and, interpreting its song, she rectified the time, making it a few days later. The prediction thus corrected proved to be accurate.

On another occasion, Mrs. Windust was staying with friends in England when a bird entered her bedroom, landed on her bed, and regarded her fixedly. She interpreted this phenomenon as an order to return home immediately to Holland, as some one had need of her.

Next day she set sail for Amsterdam, and on arrival there learned that a telephone message had come from The Hague saying that the husband of one of her friends there was dying, and wished to see her before he passed away. She set off at once for The Hague, but unhappily arrived too late, by a few hours.

Mrs. Windust herself is greatly astonished by this singular faculty.

March, 1931.

EMILIA

The Italian girl of sixteen, wife of Pietrafitta.

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EMILIA CARRATELLI.

The Italian press announces a new medium, a girl of sixteen, who lives in the Calabrian village of Pietrafitta.

Emilia Carratelli, whose character is irritable, promises to be a new Eusapia. She is at present being examined by a commission of experts, namely Drs. Lagrotteria, Brutto Francesco, Fiorini Giuseppe, and the Under-Sheriff of the province, Mr. Godofredo Nito. While she is in deep trance, and often in full light, such phenomena are witnessed as the displacement of heavy tables, which rise in the air and pass from one room to another, the transport without contact of other articles of furniture, the opening of doors and windows at a distance, the smashing of earthenware and crystal vessels shut up in cupboards, and the projection of objects through the room in a manner analogous to the phenomena seen with Eleonora Zugun, the Roumanian medium. A report will soon be published by the commission of investigators, and that will show whether the high expectations entertained about Emilia are well-founded.

JOSÉ CUSTODIA, OF ARANJO.

Another new medium, with this name, is exciting great interest at Mattao, in Brazil.

Our contemporary, *Revista Internacional do Espiritismo*, mentions that he is giving a series of demonstrations in a circle of cultured people presided over by Dr. Ernesto de Zouza. Among the results obtained are the starting of a gramophone and changing of discs without contact, the displacement of numerous objects, the production of psychic lights, the articulation of the keys of a typewriter, the floating in the air of a speaking-trumpet, from which voices are heard, touches on the face, chest, and hands of the sitters, strumming of fingers on the windows to accompany music being played, the mixture without contact of hot and cold water contained in two cups, lights on the ceiling, and the appearance of semi-materialised luminous figures. One of these phantoms blows into a bottle of cold water and makes it boil. Flowers brought into the room before the seances are distributed among the experimenters. And all these things happen while the medium is rigorously tied up, and the door and windows of the room are sealed with wax.

THERÈSE NEUMANN.

We have several times spoken here of this famous medium for stigmatisms, and now only note what is said of her prolonged fasts by Professor Charles Richet in the *Revue Metapsychique* (No. 5, 1930) :—

"The fastings of Therèse began at Christmas, 1922. Then she was afflicted by an abscess in the neck and throat. From then till Christmas 1926, she was obliged to abstain from taking any solid food, and took only diminishing quantities of liquids, such as three or four spoonfuls per day of coffee, tea, or fruit juice. After Christmas, 1926, she only took a little gulp of water, given her every morning, to dissolve a small particle of consecrated wafer. From September 1927 to November 1928, she only took a similar quantity of water she received after communion. In spite of that she has not become very thin. Her weight is normal, 55 kilos (about 8½ stones avoirdupois). She is neither constantly bedridden nor inactive; she makes church ornaments, writes, and receives visitors."

THE MEDIUM MIRABELLI.

Luce e Ombra (December, 1930) comments on an interview which took place some months ago between Hans Driesch, the great biologist, and the Brazilian medium, Mirabelli, at Sao Paulo.

Mirabelli was first questioned in Italian, but he replied in Portuguese that he did not understand. Then suddenly he was controlled by the spirit of an Italian, his own deceased father, and began to speak fluently in the language of Dante. "I considered that a comedy," writes Professor Driesch, "and the same with a pretended communication in the Estonian tongue."

Mirabelli, during the visit of the German savant, produced several psychic phenomena; for example, a vase fell from a table and a door was closed without contact. Also some apports appeared which the professor considered highly suspect, seeing that the medium wore a vestment with large pockets!

The visitor tried without success to discover the author of a certain pamphlet on "The Medium Mirabelli," which has excited great interest in the world, and his conclusion is:—"As regards this medium we ought to leave everything in doubt. It is more and more to be wished that Mirabelli should consent to come to Europe to submit himself to be examined by persons competent in all the categories of psychical research."

FRED MARION, OF STUTTGART.

This medium is the subject of an article by Mr. R. Lambert in *Zeitschrift für Parapsychologie*.

Marion is a clairvoyant, of the type known as ballot-readers in America. He reads correctly the contents of envelopes closed and sealed, in the same way as the mediums Ludwig Kahn and Max Mocke.

Recently, M. de la Fouchardière, a French writer, wrote denying the reality of clairvoyance and wanted to know of any mediums capable of telling him what he had in his pockets. We refer him, and all others in the world proud of their incredulity, to such penetrating clairvoyants as Mocke, Kahn, and Marion, to whom his crucial test would be mere child's-play.

MRS. ESTELLE M. WHITE.

The Direct Voice (New York) furnishes some details about a trumpet medium named Mrs. E. M. White.

She has lived 24 years at San Diego, and was studied by Dr. J. M. Peebles, of blessed memory. In her infancy Estelle said she played with little invisible spirits. Later she gave concerts, when she played on the piano pieces chosen by the audience, claiming that she performed this feat under the control of a spirit guide. While still young she fell into trance when visiting a medium, and soon thereafter slate-writings and materialisations were manifested in her presence. Then she developed trumpet mediumship and her reputation extended from San Diego to Los Angeles. It is declared that her spiritual visitors speak through the trumpet in all the languages of the world.

Mr. A. V. Bragg, who writes the article, took an Armenian to one of her seances, and he conversed in his own language with an invisible visitor. Mrs. White has received the diploma of the Californian State Spiritualist Association.

"MARGERY."

Our excellent contemporary *l'Astrosophie* registers the following facts about "Margery" (Mrs. Crandon), the famous Boston (U.S.A.) medium.

In her home circle, her deceased brother's finger-prints were received, but could not be verified as his finger-prints were never taken during his life on earth. Two years later, however, a razor which he had used on the very day of his death, was examined, and the imprints of his fingers were still discernible. These were compared with those which had been mediumistically received, and experts declared that they were absolutely the same.

Then all the members of the circle had their finger-prints recorded by the anthropometric experts. One of them was Mr. Charles S. Hill, a Boston advocate, who died in September, 1930. Four days after his passing his spirit requested in the presence of many sitters that wax tablets should be prepared for an experiment. He made three impressions on the wax with his invisible fingers. These were taken with great care to the anthropometric experts, who officially declared that they corresponded with those deposited with them by Mr. Hill during his life-time. That is yet another remarkable triumph for the Margery mediumship.

HARMLESS POLTERGEISTS.

I am indebted to one of our subscribers, Mr. J. H. Harvey, engineer, of Schweizer-Reneke, Transvaal, for the following interesting communication :—

"There is a haunted house in Pretoria. It is in Struben Street, in the centre of the town, and is inhabited by Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Scott and family. Some ghostly being is alleged to be paying embarrassing and not altogether friendly attention to the two children, girls about eight and twelve years of age. They are thrown to the floor by invisible hands, scratched, and even bitten by their unwelcome visitor, but the peculiarity in this case is that they are never much hurt."

"Their mother states that the ghostly pranks are played during the day as well as during the night. They began with the throwing of stones through the window, and later it simply rained stones and coal in the bedroom, and yet even when these strike they do not hurt. During the night the children are often smacked on the face and body by invisible hands. All sorts of advice have been given by friends, but nothing has stopped the trouble. The police have had to be called in, not so much in the hope of arresting the ghost, but with a view to control the inquisitive people who swarm into the house and garden soon after dark and remain until the early morning. About a hundred people have thus been gathered at a time. One ingenious friend suggested that the house should be fumigated 'as even a ghost cannot live in cyanide gas!'"

March, 1931.

A NEW ARTIST-MEDIUM.

There has just been discovered in Dunkirk a medium who makes excellent drawings under inspiration.

He is a Mr. Jules Fourmantin, a mechanic, forty years of age, who lives at 15, Rue Benjamin Morel. He has never learned drawing, but he produces mediumistically very remarkable decorative compositions, which have surprised experts in the graphic arts. They comprise highly ornamental arabesques, exuberant floral designs, and fantastic animals which belong to the zoology of dreamland. The colours are extremely harmonious. This amateur completes a picture in less than an hour, and says he is guided by his control in his selection of colours. His curious works are to be soon shown in Paris.

NED'S ADVICE.

The German journal *Licht* publishes the following story of 1917, which has been communicated by the family :—

A father and mother went on a visit to their son, while he was in a military instruction camp. The son was a writing-medium, and they held a seance during which some messages were obtained. One was in very crooked handwriting, and read, "Mary Jane, tell my father to recommence his singing. I wish it.—Ned."

Now, none of them knew any Ned or Mary Jane, nor any father who had stopped singing. But the parents were staying at the house of a druggist in the vicinity of the concentration camp, and they told him about this incomprehensible message. He said at once, "It is for me. My son was named Ned, and my wife Mary Jane. They are both in the other world. When Ned died I sang no more, as I used to do. As for the crooked writing, that is easily understood. Ned suffered cruelly from rheumatism in his hands and his fingers became twisted. His writing was consequently very bad. I will show you a specimen."

Ned's writing during his lifetime and that communicated through the writing medium were then compared, and found to be identical.

THE ANCIENT SIBYLS.

By a strange coincidence I received two letters on the same day this month, one from Canada

On The Cliff's Edge: A Vision.

BY WILL CARLOS.

I WAS sitting in reverie by the fireside, when a sudden vision flashed athwart my consciousness: I beheld the top of a cliff on which a sturdy fence had been built a foot or so from the edge. In the centre was an outjutting point of the cliff, and on it stood a man, clad in a grey garment, which enveloped his figure but left his head uncovered.

He stood with his arms hanging down, his hands loosely clasped in front, as though he were deep in thought. Behind the fence I saw a number of men slowly gathering until they lined the fence, and they were in agitated conference concerning the stranger, or so I gathered, since they were indicating him by their gestures. He stood there seemingly unaware of their presence, heeding not the hubbub they made.

Presently a man with a snub nose and a heavy jowl, as though impatient of the stranger's serenity, began to evince mischievous intent, and made as if he would assail him. Some seemed to urge him to push the quiet stranger over the cliff, but others shook their heads, suggesting rather that he should pluck his cloak from him and compel him to turn round.

The fellow accordingly put his foot on the lower rail, threw one leg over the upper rail, and thrust out his arm to pluck the garment stealthily. As he did so the silent one turned, throwing open his cloak as he did so, and extending his arms, revealed that under the cloak he wore a shimmering white garment, while his face lit up and his eyes beamed with light, which seemed to illuminate his whole figure. The clambering fellow stumbled back in affright, falling as he did so, and the others, as one man, shrank away.

The stranger advanced to the fence, leaned over, and, grasping the fellow's arm, helped him to his feet. Then he grasped him by the hand and looked intently into his face. Eye to eye they stood for a moment. The fellow's effrontery vanished, he dropped his eyes, could not meet that gaze, and he hung his head as if in shame.

and the other from Australia, asking for some information about the sibyls of antiquity.

By way of reply let me mention first the Persian sibyl Sambetha, who predicted the coming of the Messiah, and is credited with being the first to bear the name of sibyl, Homer having quoted some of her inspirations.

Then there were the Delphic sibyl, daughter of the divine Tiresias, and the sibyl of Erythré, who predicted the Trojan war. The latter is said to have spoken of the Virgin Mary 1,000 years before the Christian era, and said that she (the Virgin) would carry the Son of God in her womb. She predicted the coming, the miracles, and the passion of Jesus, and is credited with having written a poem, whose first letters signified in acrostic fashion Jesus Christ, Son of God. The sibyl of Samos foretold that the Jews would hang the true God on a Cross. Other ancient sibyls mentioned Bethlehem and the betrayal by Judas. I am merely quoting the traditions.

Michael Angelus placed some of the pagan sibyls beside the prophets of the Bible in his immortal frescoes in the Vatican.

PETITES NOUVELLES.

Psychagogue is the name of a new Spiritualist journal published at Brussels.

La Liberté, of Paris, devotes a page regularly to supernormal questions. It is conducted by Madame Marie Louise Laval, herself an excellent clairvoyante, and a distinguished writer and lecturer on psychic subjects.

Dr. Amelia Cardia, the famous Portuguese Spiritualist, has published in her journal *O Messageiro Espírita* a brilliant translation of my poem "On the Cradle of a Newly-born."

Dr. Richard Hoffman, Professor of Theology in the University of Vienna, proposes that the words "spiritism" and "spiritualism" should be replaced by the term "necro-biology."

From the United States comes the news that a film is in preparation at Hollywood whose theme is entirely Spiritualistic, and it will be accompanied by "direct voice" phenomena recorded on gramophone discs.

P. F.

NOTE.—Communications for our Continental Editor should be addressed to Monsieur PASCAL FORTHUNY, 10 Avenue Frédéric Forthuny, Montmorency, Seine et Oise, France.

March, 1931.

THE following is interesting and occurred to me entirely objective I there may be doubt phenomena (although I feel that there can be having taken place.

On Friday, December eight sitters at a medium being Miss I notes, which I invited hours of the sitting, I

"SUNSHINE'S" PROMISE.

"I told 'Sunshine' (M. family were in Europe I would come to me at the to me, said in a loud whisper house and rap so that I should hear to knock hard enough once there was a loud rap all right?" I assented, be better to rap on my me three good taps with that?"

At the sitting held on made mention of a trumpet in the circle. I told her to rap on my shoulder me on the head with an room at night. At once shoulders, and everyone co

What follows is taken from December 24 :—

THE PROMISE.

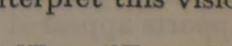
"Every night since standing it about four feet that I cannot touch it a find it impossible to reach. It stands in an angle for the clothes closet. I always minus any hook, and the drawers that could touch last night about 11.45 P. M. minutes. Waking some time dropped off to sleep again. of was a LOUD AND CLEAR not startled in the least, realised what it was, and

My belief is that at the sleeping very lightly or av it. Whichever it was, the as fully conscious as I have alert. I lay for some seconds in my ears, and then took

there was not sufficient light waiting two or three minutes further manifestations, I just the bathroom, shutting the as I did not wish to dispossible. It was exactly bed and lay awake por aware of something else t were coming from all p attentively, and counted These were quite different during the night. I move

only produce creakings, q noise of the raps and c and was amused to hear w rap each time. As far as be coming from the darkes if they could be given on bed. Only one came, and side. The partition was w difficulty in producing the

* * *
As anyone knows who sittings, there is a peculiar of, or raps on, the trumpet or forget; and as soon as that it was "Sunshine" ke To some, of course, the that I was not consciously a therefore they will easily their own satisfaction. B



As healthy, sane human beings, we must love and hate—love what is good for mankind, hate what is evil for mankind.—George Eliot.

The infinite goodness which I have experienced in this world inspires me with the conviction that eternity is pervaded by a goodness not less infinite, in which I repose unlimited trust.—Ronan.

Predicted Nocturnal Phenomena.

BY WALDO MAAS, NEW YORK, U.S.A.

THE following is a brief account of an interesting and unusual experience that occurred to me personally. That it was entirely objective I can avouch; and while there may be doubt as to the cause of the phenomena (although there is none in my mind), I feel that there can be none as to their actually having taken place.

On Friday, December 13, I was one of eight sitters at a direct-voice seance, the medium being Miss Maina L. Tafe. From my notes, which I invariably make within a few hours of the sitting, I take the following :—

"SUNSHINE'S" PROMISE TO RAP IN THE NIGHT.

"I told 'Sunshine' (Miss Tafe's little guide) that as my family were in Europe I was all alone. She replied that she would come to me at the circle; then coming quite close to me, said in a loud whisper that she would come to my house and rap so that I should *know* she was there. I told her to knock hard enough to enable me to hear her. At once there was a loud rap, and she said, 'Will that be all right?' I assented, and then added that it would be better to rap on my head. Immediately she gave me three good taps with the trumpet, and said, 'Like that?'"

At the sitting held on December 15, "Sunshine" made mention of a trumpet I had brought and placed in the circle. I told her that this was also for her to rap me on the head with, and that I would stand it in my room at night. At once she tapped me on the head and shoulders, and everyone could hear it.

What follows is taken from notes I made on the morning of December 24 :—

THE PROMISE FULFILLED.

"Every night since, I have put out my trumpet, standing it about four feet from the head of my bed, so that I cannot touch it accidentally. I have tried, and find it impossible to reach it when I am lying down. It stands in an angle formed by a chest of drawers and the clothes closet. I always shut the door of this, which is minus any hook, and there is nothing on the chest of drawers that could touch the trumpet. I went to bed last night about 11.45 p.m., and fell asleep in a few minutes. Waking some time later, I turned round and dropped off to sleep again. The next thing I was conscious of was a LOUD AND CLEAR RAP ON THE TRUMPET! I was not startled in the least, but I felt quite thrilled as I realised what it was, and exclaimed, 'Sunshine'!"

My belief is that at the time this occurred I was either sleeping very lightly or awake without being conscious of it. Whichever it was, the instant I heard the noise I was as fully conscious as I have ever been, with all my faculties alert. I lay for some seconds with the sound of it ringing in my ears, and then took up my watch to see the time, but there was not sufficient light to enable me to do so. After waiting two or three minutes to see if there would be any further manifestations, I jumped out of bed and went into the bathroom, shutting the door before turning on the light as I did not wish to disturb the conditions more than possible. It was exactly 3.52 a.m. I then returned to bed and lay awake pondering. Gradually I became aware of something else taking place. Raps and cracks were coming from all parts of the room. I listened attentively, and counted twenty within a few minutes. These were quite different from the usual noises one hears during the night. I moved about in my bed, but I could only produce creakings, quite unlike the sharp staccato noise of the raps and cracks. I acknowledged these, and was amused to hear what seemed to be an answering rap each time. As far as I could judge they seemed to be coming from the darkest spots in the room, and I asked if they could be given on the partition at the side of my bed. Only one came, and that sounded on the opposite side. The partition was white, and this may have caused difficulty in producing them there.

* * * *

As anyone knows who is familiar with direct-voice sittings, there is a peculiar sound attached to movements of, or raps on, the trumpet, which it is not easy to mistake or forget; and as soon as I heard it in my room I knew that it was "Sunshine" keeping her promise.

To some, of course, the weak point in my narrative is that I was not *consciously* awake before the noise occurred; therefore they will easily be able to explain it away to their own satisfaction. But these I would urge to read

on before dismissing it all so comfortably as a mere figment of the brain, or a "carried-over" dream! There is an aftermath which may shatter such easily conjured up explanations.

"SUNSHINE" LATER REFERS TO HER VISIT.

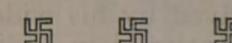
I had another sitting on December 27, at which there were only five people present: Mr. and Mrs. Paton, Miss Duncan, Miss Tafe and myself. I will again quote from my notes:—"We had hardly finished the first song before 'Sunshine' announced herself, and after a general greeting to the circle she went over to Miss Duncan and Mr. Paton and asked them whether I had told them of her visit to me. Then coming quite close to my face, she said, 'You asked my Mina something, and I am going to tell you.' She went on to say that I had asked Miss Tafe where the power for the raps had been taken from, and she explained that it was taken partly from me and partly from other spirits present. She also remarked that she had been able to knock good and plenty, and said she had made most of the other raps also."

"SUNSHINE'S" SECOND COMING.

On December 29 I went to bed about eleven thirty, and fell asleep soon after. The next thing I was conscious of was lying on my right side, awake, with my eyes open. I remember glancing at the window, and noting that it was not as light as usual. At the same time I could hear raps and cracks, but I did not pay much attention to them, as I was pleasantly tired and too comfortable to move. They persisted, however, and I realised that they were spirit raps which I should acknowledge, but I still lay without doing so. After some little time I turned on to my back to listen to them better, and then acknowledged them by saying "Thank you." This seemed to be the signal for which she had been waiting, for almost immediately after I heard the well-known metallic sound of a loud rap on the trumpet. "Sunshine" again! As before I took my watch into the bathroom to see the time, and found that it was ten minutes to two. When I got back to bed I lay awake for some time expecting to hear further raps as on the previous occasion, but in vain, for there was complete silence and I fell asleep without hearing another knock.

This was a complete reversal of the first proceedings, and upsets a lot of theories and explanations of those who admit that "spirit is the last thing they will give in to"! There are many bogies that these people have to overcome, and "thought-transference" and "the sub-conscious" are two of the biggest, both of which are completely ruled out as possible explanations of my experience.

I know a little lady who has promised to materialise on a certain occasion, and whose voice I would know among a million; she will be able to give me an explanation that will be both reasonable and logical!



HOPE'S VISION.

Hope saw the buds of summer bloom,
And gathered them with fancy's hand ;
And, smiling, placed them in her room,
When winter storms swept o'er the land.

Those blossoms, beauteous to behold,
Filled all the place with summer haze ;
While winter winds wailed o'er the wold,
Those blossoms met Hope's eager gaze.

And like to real things they were,
As seen through Hope's expectant view ;
She waited till earth grew more fair,
For then they would appear, she knew.

She pictured, too, her world with dreams
Of such things lovely, good, and dear ;
The waving trees, the purling streams,
And pleasant sunshine ever near.

And thus along life's varied way
Hope sees what's best and brightest still,
And sings, though dark and wet the day,
"I hope, because I must and will."

H. HALLETT BUCKNOLE.

March, 1931.

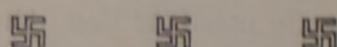
**THE REV. G. VALE OWEN.
SPECIAL PRAYERS SUGGESTED.**

SPIRITUALISTS in all parts of the country heave heard with deep sorrow of the serious illness of the Rev. G. Vale Owen, whose great work and personal sacrifices for the movement are second only to those of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

All are sending him their kindest thoughts; and what one would like to suggest is that every Spiritualist Society should have special prayers—and a special moment or two of silent prayer—for his recovery.

If their prayers should be fully answered, what an achievement it would be for the Cause, and what a wonderful thing for Mr. Vale Owen and those around him. Christian Scientists would feel completely assured in such circumstances. Spiritualists should be no less certain of the power of prayer and the comforting presence of Spirit healers.

So let us pray with all our hearts, both in church and out of church, for the recovery of our very dear friend and spiritual leader.



PASSING OF THE REV. J. BRUNTON AITKEN.

AFTER about one month's illness the Rev. J. Brunton Aitken, who used to be very well known in Spiritualistic and Psychical Research circles, has recently passed to the Beyond at 46 Meadway, Golders Green, N.W., aged eighty-one years.

The REV. W. MAJOR SCOTT said at the Crematorium service that though all present felt a natural grief at their friend's passing through the Vale, yet if their faith were real they would easily recognise the triumph over death.

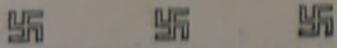
Mr. Aitken had ever been a profound student of the problems of Immortality. He was a man of great gifts as a thinker. He would follow a line of argument, even to the bitter end. He was one of the Garden Suburb's most distinguished residents, and was truly loved by all who knew him.

It was fifty-three years since he first entered the Congregational ministry, and did thirty-six years' active work at Rochdale, Wilmslow, and Margate. He was a great friend of Dr. Charles Berry, of Wolverhampton.

During his later years he lived in the realm of mystical theology, and his knowledge of occultism was more extensive than that of any present-day minister. From occultism he turned to the spiritual side of religion and the deeper mysticism of a human life lived in God.

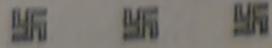
All his life his fine intellect had been probing the great mysteries of life and man's soul, and his hearers must feel an inner sense of joy that their friend had passed into the realm where all that was hidden will be revealed.

Mr. Aitken is survived by his widow; a son, Captain David Aitken, now stationed in India with the Seaforth Highlanders; and Miss Frances Aitken, who is also abroad.



BE FAITHFUL TO THE WILL OF GOD.

Try to do what your conscience tells you is the right thing; try to take your stand on the Will of God, and to be faithful to what you can learn of it; try to get into the way of realising that righteousness rules the universe, and to put the commandment of God before your own pleasure and profit. Thus, through the avenues of humble and even formal duty, try to ascend to a higher type and character of life; and you shall soon find that help and strength are coming to you, from a loftier region than that in which you hitherto have dwelt. Your spirit will rise into the purer realm of love and light, and will come to understand the principle that the great end of all life, if life is to deserve the name, is not to obtain the fullest abundance of worldly possession—not even to master all human knowledge—not even to render a strict obedience to all divine commands, but to know God and to be like Him.—Robert Herbert Story, D.D.



OUR READERS' TESTIMONIES.

From the Psychological Centre, Newark, New Jersey, U.S.A.:—"The International Psychic Gazette is read at this Centre, and found very useful, interesting, and helpful."—Mrs. M. E. Miller, Secretary.

A Subscriber in Grenada, B.W.I.: "The intrinsic worth of your invaluable journal to devout Spiritualists may not be gainsaid."

NOTICE

I AM directed by the great Persian Physician and Spirit Healer, Abduhl Latif, to issue this notice.

He has found that, without any justification, many have claimed association with him, and this has led to much confusion and distress.

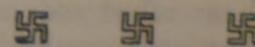
He is not connected with any Circle or Community, but extends his help to all sufferers.

R. H. SAUNDERS.

BRIEF NOTICE OF NEW BOOK.

ASTROLOGY: YOUR PLACE AMONG THE STARS. By Evangeline Adams. Putnam and Sons. 16/- net. (English edition of book referred to by Lilian Whiting in January issue of *International Psychic Gazette*.)

It would be impossible, within the limits of a brief review, to give an adequate analysis of this wonderful work. It is a literary gem for this class of work, and the authoress gives evidence of wide and painstaking research in compiling her evidences. The effects of the solar, lunar and planetary orbs are given in full detail. The effects of the planets in the twelve signs, and when benefic to or afflicting the sun and moon, are dealt with in a manner illuminating and practical. The plea for the better understanding of the law of vibration and the appeal for personal endeavour in the foreword are a sufficient guarantee for the worth of the book. The law of complexes is defined, showing that judgments would be inadequate were the complexes ignored. The reverent poetic treatment of the sun and the solar myths, the true significance of the Incarnation, the classical allusions are all good reading. The claim that the sum of the planetary forces should be used in analysis is aptly put, and should be applied by all students of the science. The theme and the method is original, and the lists of eminent people born with the sun, moon, and planets in each of the twelve signs is interesting, and particularly the dates when principal effects are likely to be felt. The whole are symbolically considered, and Neptune is especially dealt with.—W. C.



NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

From Rider & Co.

WITCHES STILL LIVE. A Study of the Black Art To-day. By Theda Kenyon. Illustrated. 12/6 net.

SYNTHETIC BIOLOGY AND THE MORAL UNIVERSE. By H. Reinheimer. 6/- net.

GRADES OF SIGNIFICANCE. An Application of the Relativist Outlook to the Higher Levels of Thought. By G. N. M. Tyrrell, B.Sc. 7/6 net.

ELEMENTS OF ESOTERIC ASTROLOGY. By A. E. Thierens, Ph.D. Illustrated. 10/6 net.

From Boston Society for Psychic Research.

THE ENCHANTED BOUNDARY. Being a Survey of Negative Reactions to Claims of Psychic Phenomena 1820-1930. By Walter Franklin Prince, Ph.D.

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LONDON, W.2.

Honouring a Veteran Medium.

BY BEN CARTER.

I TRAVELED to West Bridgford, Nottingham's pretty Trent-side suburb, on a mid-February Saturday afternoon. The sheltered gardens were decked with snowdrops and many a houseside displayed lovely sprays of golden jessamine, and on the leafless branches in the park a thrush praised the sunny hour and pointed with its song to the coming of the sweet springtime.

Arriving at "Porta Fortuna," what a warm welcome awaited me from my comrade, and noble servant of humanity, embodied and disembodied, for over fifty years, Mr. J. J. Vango.

It was the honouring of his seventieth birthday; and how his bright smiling face and very youthful appearance gave the lie to the criticism that the exercise of mediumship is detrimental to one's health. A few friends joined us, and in the cosy parlour, with its lovely floral tokens of birthday remembrance, tea was served. Grateful friends from the Hillside of the West Riding of Yorkshire had sent contributions to the festive meal, that were greatly enjoyed.

Mrs. H. L. Batie, England's oldest medium, had sent a beautiful token of remembrance and good wishes.

The gladness of appreciation was felt by Mr. Vango as he read the many sincere expressions of deep gratitude for the great comfort and consolation his grand and consoling psychic powers had given.

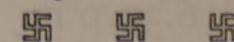
We were fully conscious of the presence of quite a host of dear ones from within the Veil, among them our dear arisen noble worker, Mrs. Emma Hardinge Brittain, Mr. J. J. Morse, and Mr. Hanson G. Hey.

The evening was spent in a delightful manner, the happy hours speeding all too quickly by. Mr. Vango told us of some of the early struggles that the pioneer Spiritualists so nobly encountered and bravely passed through, the harvest of which we are sharing to-day.

I left the joyous gathering to journey to Belper, where my Sunday's duties awaited me, and as our noble comrade bid me "Good-bye," I felt blest, and prayed that I and

all other young workers will ever seek to emulate his noble example.

May the eventide of his noble life be crowned with all heaven's richest blessings, is the wish of Ben Carter!



MR. VANGO'S 50 YEARS' MEDIUMSHIP.

(Letter to the Editor.)

27, Warwick Avenue, W.9.

February 13, 1931.

DEAR SIR,—At a little home sitting with two friends on the night of Thursday, February 5, the enclosed verses came through me. As I had wonderful proofs on meeting Mr. J. J. Vango for the first time in December, 1930, no doubt my spirit friends have been appreciative in putting their thoughts on paper to his Guide who helped them to manifest.—I remain, Yours faithfully,

MIGNON CARMEL.

TO "SUNFLOWER."

To praise thee would indeed be mild,
Oh! "Sunflower" thou, a heavenly child;
For thou wast chosen well to bind
The Spirit World to human kind.

For fifty weary years on earth,
Thou'st proved to people thy true worth;
And unto many sceptics given
Proof of life in spheres of heaven.

Thou hast indeed worked well for God,
And spiritually thy path hast trod;
And joy hast given to many a heart,
Who yearned to prove that loved one's part

For but a little time, while "death"
Does only sever mortal breath:
That they still live and love us well,
And just return that love to tell.

So "Sunflower," thou beloved Guide
Of Vango—beloved on this side—
And loved art thou of Spirits too,
Who love thy "medi" spoken through.

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"Your course has helped me wonderfully, and I am developing my psychic powers well. I am more than thankful for the help it has been to me."

"May I offer Mr. Brittain my thanks and sincere congratulations on his work, which I feel will become one of the most important contributions to our scientific knowledge that has been issued of recent years."

"I have improved wonderfully in mental capacity and have seen clairvoyantly and heard clairaudiently."

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THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY IN ENGLAND

45, LANCASTER GATE, LONDON, W.2.

March, 1931

President :
MR. HANNEN SWAFFER

SPIRITUALIST COMMUNITY

SUNDAY SERVICES WITH CLAIRVOYANCE 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. at GROTRIAN HALL 115, Wigmore Street, W. (Nearest Station—Bond Street or Marble Arch)

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London Astrological Research Society.

Founder—Mr. George WHITE.

PUBLIC LECTURES will be given at the "Brownie" Restaurant on the following dates at 8.15 p.m.

March 4—"AN ASTROLOGER LOOKS AT LIFE." R. H. T. NAYLOR
March 11—"VIEWS OF MODERN MYSTICS AND SPIRIT PEOPLE CONCERNING ASTROLOGY." F. FLOOD
March 18—"SOME INTERESTING MAPS." S. CARLYLE POTTER
March 25—"ASTROLOGY AND DREAMS." C. SHAW

All interested in Astrology are invited to attend the above Lectures.

For particulars of the Society, classes, etc., write to the Hon. Sec., Miss A. Geary, 24 Winchester St., Warwick Square, S.W.1.

ASTROLOGICAL HOROSCOPES.

"Follow but thy star,
Thou can't not miss at last a glorious haven."—Dante.

A brief test Horoscope, with Chart, 2/6.

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Mar. 8—11 a.m.—Col. Peacock	6.30 p.m.—Rev. Rowland Maitland	Mrs. Annie Johnson
Mar. 15—11 a.m.—Rev. Drayton Thomas	6.30 p.m.—Mrs. St. Clair Stobart	Miss Frances Carpenter
Mar. 22—11 a.m.—Capt. Frost	6.30 p.m.—Mr. Maurice Barbanell	Mme. Esta Caron
Mar. 29—11 a.m.—Mr. Harold Carpenter	6.30 p.m.—Mr. Ernest Hunt	Mrs. Hirst

12.30. ORGAN RECITAL, TALKS, QUESTIONS, CLAIRVOYANT'S MEETING: Sunday at 11 a.m.

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No. 211. Vol.

The Pe

THE REV. saintliest f movement, celestial sphere at Lincoln Lea, Kent. He leave for he had a wc endeared him t as modest as h the truth as he of material sacr his living as Vic Orford, Lancas when he was a due to retire i his many year incessant paro labours to a i earned period ease and com and went i bravely as a hu Apostle of Spir ism wherever was called, not throughout British Isles, also in the U States of Ame

In 1918 he se a series of his scripts for public in this Gazette, an continued to print month by month had received them a lady in spirit-l the same unorth manner as Mr. V Stead had receive "Letters from J We thought it w ask him if he willing to have printed under his name and he replie "I don't mind a my name and being used, a strongly feel tha clergy ought to present juncture." thing in clerical ci

He then briefly

"In the winter the first half from half from one who sat in response to a writing, and sever with pencil and pa

"Last year (1919) the same method ought no longer 'Kathleen,' who daughter, who pas years ago. It expert in the tra behalf of her friend them through.

"Later on in gradually emerges office on behalf o who eventually at